

## WOMEN WITH WO GIVEN FREEDOM

Their Plaint Heard by Judge  
Morse Yesterday at Di-  
vorce Matinee.

### BEAT HIS WIFE ON CHRISTMAS

Anna M. Coverdale Tells Story of Cru-  
elty Which Wins Her the  
Mercy of the Court.

The plaintive cry of the woman, weary and tired under the yoke of the marital bond, was the dominant note in the monotone hum of the divorce court yesterday. In each case it was the wife seeking relief from the marital bond and in each case the errant husband was absent.

In two or three cases the mother of the wife found as much relief as the wife in the divorce, since it precluded the necessity of supporting the husband, and in most of the cases heard and decided the thread of cruelty and abuse ran through the cloth of the life story.

Anna M. Coverdale was quickly granted a legal separation from Robert H. Coverdale when it was shown that his latest Christmas present to her had been the black and blue marks made upon her by a clenched fist. The story of her married life was one of cruelty in which her mother added the details of how Coverdale had imprisoned his wife in a cellar after beating her with a wagon tongue. As if unsatisfied, according to the evidence, the husband called at the home of his mother-in-law, where his wife had been driven, three weeks ago and vented his spleen by smashing in their windows.

### SOON TIRED OF HER.

According to Anna C. Jones, it took less than a month for her husband, David H. Jones, to grow tired of her, and despite the fact that upon the marriage, March 5, 1909, Jones with his bride went to live with the mother of the latter, his excuse after deserting the wife was, "it is too expensive to keep a wife." According to the testimony the young couple, the wife now barely past 18, were married March 6, 1909. Although a home was furnished by the parents of the bride, the husband was dissatisfied before the month was over. After he packed his suit case and departed on April Fool's day the young wife still sought him, but on the two occasions they met, the husband passed by without deigning to notice his wife. The request for divorce was granted.

### DISLIKED WORK.

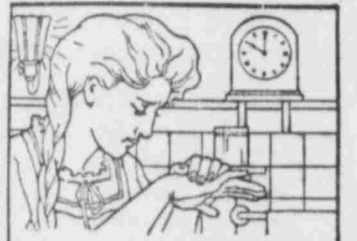
Although Frank Samuels, according to testimony, was an expert in several lines of work, especially in the operation of moving picture machines, and "leading bar," when he married he had no taste for work. Hazel Samuels, the luckless wife, secured her freedom after it had been shown that almost the day after the marriage, in September, 1907, Frank "wouldn't work." According to the plaintiff's story the husband was satisfied with the check received monthly from his father-in-law and with the wages obtained through his wife's work. Under the decision of the court Frank Samuels will have to work for himself now.

### DESERVED WITH CHILDREN.

Mary A. Mack was granted a divorce from Joseph Mack, and awarded the custody of the two sons, 5 and 3 years old, on the showing of the husband's failure to support the family. They were married in March, 1901, and the husband's desertion occurred in March, 1909.

### FIVE DAYS IN JAIL.

Charles A. Holberg's indifference to an order of the court resulted yesterday in his being sent to the county jail for five days. Holberg recently was ordered to pay weekly alimony to his divorced wife, and was called to appear in the court yesterday on an order to show cause why he had failed to pay the weekly amount. When the case was called Holberg did not appear.



## RED ROUGH HANDS On Retiring

One night treatment for red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends with

## CUTICURA

Works wonders. Soak them, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap, dry, anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

## SOFT WHITE HANDS On Rising



# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is not a patent medicine. Its formula originated in a prescription by the famous Dr. Oliver, of Boston. Wonderful, unequaled success has marked its history. It is prepared from Sarsaparilla root, Blue Flag, Yellow Dock, Juniper Berries, Uva Ursi, Pipsissewa, Guaiac, Wild Cherry, Bitter Orange Peel, Gentian, Mandrake, Dandelion, Senna, and other valuable ingredients, by a combination, proportion, and process peculiar to itself, unknown to any other medicine, and giving it curative merit peculiar to itself. This is shown by its great cures of

## All Spring Humors

scrofula, eczema, all eruptions, rheumatism, catarrh, kidney and liver troubles, and all other complaints caused by impure blood or low condition of the system.

Remember, there is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Any medicine said to be "just as good" is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit. Get Hood's, and get it today.

**Sarsatabs.**—To meet the wishes of those who prefer medicine in tablet form, we are now putting up Hood's Sarsaparilla in chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsatabs are prepared from Hood's Sarsaparilla itself by a process of distillation and evaporation, and have identically the same curative properties. Of druggists or sent promptly by mail on receipt of price. 100 doses \$1. C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

and was brought into court later on a bench warrant. Judge Morse imposed a sentence of five days for contempt of court, and at the end of his imprisonment Holberg was asked to explain why he did not pay the alimony.

Upon the showing that her husband had deserted her, Nellie W. McConaughy was granted a divorce from John F. McConaughy. The couple were married May 20, 1886.

### UNDERWEAR FOR ALL.

Summer Knitted Garments.  
Finest unbleached, 35c, \$1.15, \$1.50  
Finest Bleached, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50  
Finest Lisle Thread, \$1.25.  
CUTLER BROS. CO.  
38 Main St.

### Marriage Licenses.

Marriage licenses were issued to the following persons during the week by the county clerk:

F. R. Neal, Blackfoot, Ida., and Emma Inskeep, Fulton, Kan.  
Gust Sule and Pernella Rande, Salt Lake.  
Parley Rosenlof and Pearl Wallis, Mount Pleasant.  
A. C. Christensen, Oasis, and Emma R. Roundy, Provo, Utah.

A. E. Drollinger, Payson, and Nancy E. Stone, Salem.  
Arno Miller, Richfield, and Jennie C. Reid, Salt Lake.  
C. A. Greenwood, Sandy, and Ella I. Hilton, Salt Lake.

W. P. Barton and Frances A. Rawlings, Salt Lake.  
L. E. Miller and Sabina E. Bates, Salt Lake.  
J. W. Gaines and Nellie B. Havlick, Twin Falls, Ida.

C. J. Green and Ida J. Durfee, Alma, Ida.  
W. A. Parrish, Kayville, and Wilmetta Forman, Heber City.  
A. H. Neff, East Mill Creek, and Millie Reynolds, Murray.

E. L. Rosenberg and Nelsine Johansen, Salt Lake.  
Ralph Collett and Mary L. Collett, Salt Lake City.  
Fred Rennund, Midway, and Theresa Bruelli, Salt Lake.

C. E. Stenlund and Edith M. Rice, West Jordan.  
D. G. McDonald, Salt Lake, and Pearl E. Nelson, Richfield.  
J. W. Rosanan and Saimi Jonsater, Clear Creek.

J. S. Locker, Waukesha, Wis., and Laura Owen, Salt Lake.  
E. F. Cooper, Hoies, Ia., and Alvina Stoehr, Denver.

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The Amiel Fidisiml fraternity of the university gave a most delightful dancing party last night at Odeon hall, which was tastefully decorated in the fraternity colors, purple and gold, carried out in streamers, draperies and refreshments. One of the features was the moonlight dances, when the lights came out through shades of purple and gold. The patrons for the evening were Mayor and Mrs. J. S. Bransford, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Riter, Prest, and Mrs. J. T. Kingsbury, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Ertough, Prof. and Mrs. G. M. Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Plummer, Rev. and Mrs. E. I. Goshen, Prof. and Mrs. H. I. Brown and President G. A. Eaton.

The young men of the bridge tournament gave a dinner at the University club last night, the table being decorated in carnations of various shades and covers laid for Miss Mildred McMillan, Miss Cary Marshall, Miss Elinor Stewart, Miss Minnie Ewer, Miss Stella Fabian, Miss Lenore Leary, Miss Marjorie Dickson of Martin's Ferry, O., Miss Elizabeth Trask of Denver, Colo., and the Messrs. Alex. Thomas, Athol Rawlins, John Clark, Fred Smith, W. J. Trask, James Hogue, Robert Parker, Douglas Kimball, Carl Neal and Mr. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barnes entertained on Tuesday evening in celebration of the fortieth wedding anniversary of Mrs. Barnes's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McNeil, about 50 friends being present. The rooms were bright with flowers and high-five was the amusement, the prize being won by Mrs. Park Kenner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wrench are at the Knutsford but will shortly be at home to their friends at the Bransford apartments.

Miss Birdie Langton entertains at cards this afternoon in honor of Miss Katherine Adams, whose marriage takes place in the near future. The decorations are in sweet peas and three tables are played.

David Keith, Jr., entertained about 60 friends at a dancing party last night at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Keith, the decorations being in the Lowell school colors, red and white, and carried out in American Beauties and white carnations. An or-

chestra stationed on the balcony furnished a program of choice music.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hoffman and daughter Naomi leave today for Baltimore.

Mrs. E. W. Whitney entertained informally at luncheon yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jenkins entertained at dinner this evening, the two tables being decorated in sweet peas and violets and covers laid for about 19 guests. An impromptu musicale followed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Spilke entertained at cards on Thursday evening, the amusement being 500, and three tables played. The rooms were decorated in pink, carnations being used and the color carried out in the refreshments and other details. Prizes were won by Mrs. Philip Hopkins and Mr. Leonard Shoemaker.

Miss Afton Young entertained the Sewing club yesterday.

### HAS ENGAGED THEATER.

Lecatta, Greek Professor and Tragedian to Appear Here March 15.

Lecatta, the talented professor and tragedian, will give an entertainment at the Salt Lake theater Tuesday evening, March 15. He will be assisted by capable people from this city and elsewhere. Professor Lecatta is from the King's Dramatic college, Athens, and comes highly recommended. He will act and recite in both Greek and English. The following is the program:

**PART I.**  
G. Stratigos, Epic Poem, "The Pirene Heroes," Lord Tennyson's "Dora" in English.

**PART II.**  
Hamlet.....Prof. Lecatta.  
Ophelia.....Miss Tolhurst.  
From the third act, "To Be Or Not To Be" and "Get There to a Nunnery."

**PART III.**  
"Richelleu".....Lord Lytton's.  
The second scene of the first act.  
Richelleu.....Prof. Lecatta.  
Julie.....Mrs. A. G. Cockkino and company.

**PART IV.**  
D. Cockko "The Massacre of Messo-logi" Epic poem.  
A Recitation in Greek.....Lecatta Junior.

**PART V.**  
"The Merchant of Venice" Act III, In Greek.  
Shylock.....Prof. Lecatta.  
Bassanio.....Mr. Cariglanis, Cockkino and company.

**PART VI.**  
The Poet and Lawyer.....By G. Sourl.  
Original Greek Comedy.

### HUSTLE ORDERS FROM BOARD

Contractors Told to Rush Work to Meet Situation When Water Rises.

When the board of public works met last night, the members found nothing else to do, so they talked about the contractors. Instructions were sent out to Davis & Heuser, who are constructing the North Temple street aqueduct to rush the work along and get it completed before the high water comes. The concrete has been laid, now the board wants the gates at Eleventh West street put in so that the water can be diverted down the Eleventh West canal if necessary during high water.

The James A. Kennedy company was also notified to hustle up with the sewers which have not been completed. This order was made when a communication was received from Eli A. Foland, superintendent of buildings and grounds of the board of education, requesting that the sewer be completed in front of the Jefferson school building.

Oftentimes you are careless in your manner of eating, thus bringing on a spell of indigestion and kindred ills. It is then you will appreciate the value of

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH  
BITTER

ing so that it could be connected up. P. J. Moran was notified to begin repairing the paved streets at once. Many places in the downtown streets need repairing and it will cost the city several thousand dollars.

J. W. Mellen was given an extension of three months in which to complete his contract for the grading of Fourth North street, from East Capitol avenue to the boulevard. The board approved estimates for work done, amounting to \$15,352.88.

**RETAILERS ON WARPATH.**  
Merchants Going After Those Who "Short" Their Packages.

The Retail Merchants' association is after the manufacturers and packers who have been handing out shortweight goods. The association has been making it so interesting for the creamery short weight men that the latter are now giving full net weight, instead of packages short from one to two ounces. As the creamery houses dare not put on the label "manufactured by," the legend "distributed by" is printed instead, so the deception is complete. The retail merchants propose to stop this sort of business.

### BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT.

Scots to Give Musical Affair Next Friday Evening.

The Scottish clubs of Salt Lake will give a benefit concert and dance in their hall, Jennings block, 21 west First South, on Friday, March 11. Robert Stevenson will occupy the chair and the following program will be rendered:

Bagpipe selections.....Angus Craig, James Hamilton and Ben McPhie.  
Song.....Miss Clarabel Gardiner.  
Recitation.....Ed McClelland.  
Song.....W. C. Coda.  
Song.....Nichol Hood.  
Song.....J. B. Cammock.  
Selections on victrola.....Mr. Daynes.  
Song.....Helen Hadlow.  
Recitation.....Scottish Quartet.  
Recitation.....Winnie Brown.  
Song.....John Gilroy.

There will be highland dancing, sword dancing, sailor's hornpipe and the Reel of Tulloch by Miss Beulah Craig, Beulah Service, Viola Williams and Viola Service.

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**Table Queen**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

**This Bread**  
and  
**ROYAL BREAD**  
**This Label ALWAYS!**  
All Grocers, Only 5c

## Pneumatic Riveters May Turn Music Studios Into Padded Cells

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

### BEAT HIS BOARD BILL.

On the charge of beating a board bill, H. J. Conner of Tooele was arrested at the San Pedro depot Friday night by Deputy Sheriff Eddington, and today

was taken back to Tooele by Sheriff John Bush. The man had been in town but a few hours and was about to leave when Eddington placed him under arrest.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately if not sooner, under pain of instant death. But this portraiture falls far short of the wrath and frenzied rage of the piano and vocal music teachers on the sixth floor of the Templeton, as they try in vain to teach or talk over the telephone while the pneumatic riveter birds are singing their rondelay in the most monotonous rhyme of fortissimo rhythmic recurrence. Stuffing the ears has been resorted to while talking on the phone, but this has its disadvantages, and doesn't work. Those music teachers are in a frame of mind to sympathize with Milton as he makes Lucifer exclaim: "Whither shall I fly? infinite wrath, and infinite despair." Unmusical

protestations from the musical colony do no good; those riveters still keep up their song, until the sixth floor of the Templeton is in danger of becoming a lunatic sanitarium. Something must be done to muffle those automatic riveters, or else there is danger of a holocaust in the local musical community.

With the advent of "spring, gentle spring" to "unlock the flowers and paint the laughing soil," comes also the merry whirling hum and drum of the pneumatic steel riveter. Its ear drum tickling song may be heard just at present to advantage at the Hotel Utah site, as the gaunt, black steel skeleton of the great hostelry slowly but steadily rises into the circumambient atmosphere. As the children of Vulcan set the red-hot bolts fresh from the forges of the local inferno into their holes, the pneumatic riveter begins a gentle rat-tat-tat, like an andante beat on an orchestra drum, steadily increasing till it attains the long and loud fortissimo of a battle roll. Presently a second riveter begins its unangelic serenade, and ere one is aware, a third starts in on its anything but seraphic song. When half a dozen are in full operatic swing, the din is deafening, the passer-by shudders, sticks his fingers in his ears, and hurries on, while the sparrows desert their nests in the vicinity and flee to the other side of the range for respite and relief.

Hogarth, the noted English caricaturist, once drew a frenzied picture of "The Enraged Musician," in which he depicted, as only Hogarth could, a frantic violinist in a second story window yelling at a badly gurdy performer in the street below, to like him and hence immediately